There, I do not know how you call him, but by Ieſus I think
He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain
the bridge moſt gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did ſee him do gallant ſeruice.

Gouer. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is ancient *Piſtoll.*

Gouer. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Piſtoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to do me fauour,
The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praiſe God I haue merrited ſome loue at (his hands.

Piſt. Bardolfe a ſouldier, one of buxſome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that ſtands vpon the rowling reſtleſſe (ſtone.

Flew. By your patience ancient *Piſtoll*,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To ſignifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And ſhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconſtant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a ſpherical ſtone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellēt deſcriptiō of Fortune,
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath ſtolne a packs, and hanged muſt he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe ſtop.

But